

## Kissing Strangers

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## Kissing Strangers

by [isleofdreams](#)

### Summary

Convinced by both Sapnap and Bad to join them in their weekly enjoyment, George wonders how badly his night can go when he ends up at a nightclub as intoxicated strangers surround him, loud music blaring in his ears.

Turns out, it isn't that bad after all.

### Notes

hi!

serious note: these are only the characters and personas that they put online (which means that any public information that they're comfortable sharing might be used). please, please, PLEASE do not harass them about this ship or force this on them. if any party states that they are uncomfortable with this, the book will be taken down immediately

aight serious stuff is over. god this took way too long to write, which... looking at the word count, isn't all that surprising tbh (it's longer than prom, which says a lot)

"aren't you supposed to be updating aight, bet???"

shh, my brain goes brrr and i end up writing a new oneshot

shoutout to everyone whom ive sent this to and given feedback and encouragement to me!

love yall, you guys are awesome <3

anyways, hope you enjoy this!

inspired by the song KISSING STRANGERS by DNCE ft. Nicki Minaj

WARNING: ALCOHOL, and there's also one part where someone hits george up and he's uncomfortable (dont do that, that's an asshole move)

CONSENT IS KEY Y'ALL IT'S IMPORTANT REMEMBER THAT

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Flashing lights almost blind George, but he enjoys it as he sees bodies moving here and there to the loud pop music that blares through the speakers of the clubhouse. Sitting near the bar, the slim and smooth stem that connects the base to the wine glass sits between his index and middle finger cooly, the dark red liquid hypnotising George with each swirl.

Both Sapnap and Bad have left him to join the dance floor, and George chuckles a little as he sees them try to jump to the rhythm of the song alongside others. Despite constant pestering from Sapnap, he has rejected the offer to dance with them, mainly because he hates the thought of being in the middle of a crowd: his anxiety simply does not allow him to enjoy these occasions.

Not that he can't dance or anything.

He looks around, the dim lighting makes it hard for him to navigate and locate specific items, but the shadows allow him to deduce where certain objects are. Apart from a few groups of people who, like him, chose not to dance, most of the visitors of the club are giving their all as the DJ switches the song. A cheer erupts from the centre, and George smiles, shaking his head from how absurd this entire situation is.

Somehow, Sapnap had managed to convince him to join the duo in their weekly visit to the club, claiming that George has to 'live a little' and 'experience college to the fullest'.

Well, if experiencing college to the fullest means that he has to pay for a fake ID for ten dollars, then George finds that a little concerning. However, he remains silent as he follows his friends to the nearest club. Sneaking through the security guard and pulling off the stunt hypes George up a little due to fear and adrenaline, but now that he's in, it's kind of awkward actually. Inexperienced, he glances around nervously as Sapnap and Bad greets the bartender warmly.

And that's how he ends up sitting on a stool, a cheap glass of red wine in his hand, still untouched. The bartender is polishing some of the glasses, stopping only when a guest or two asks for more drinks, before continuing his job. Occasionally, George sees him take a peek at his phone, but he ignores him and even empathises a little due to his past experiences.

From his peripheral vision, he sees Sapnap stumble to him, and laughs at his friend as he almost runs into a table. He barely catches Sapnap as he trips over the stool.

"George, please dance with us?" Sapnap pleads, and George smells faint booze radiating off of him. He crinkles his nose a little in disgust, frowning at Sapnap as the latter pouts at him. "C'mon, you're supposed to be enjoying yourself!"

“Well, I am enjoying myself here, and how many drinks have you had already?”

Sapnap shrugs, giggling a little. His hair is pushed up messily, and his shirt is a little crumpled. George deduces that it’s either the fifth or the sixth.

God, Sapnap is crazy.

He feels Sapnap pull on his arm again, and sighs in defeat. Setting his glass down, the bartender shoots him a pitying smile, and George returns it. Sapnap drags him to the middle of the glowing platform as they meet Bad there.

“Oh, guess who’s joining us!” Bad announces, earning an eye roll from George. The DJ yells over the cheering from the crowd, and plays another song. George feels the floor vibrate from how loud the music is, and his heart is pounding along to the beat as the crowd jumps up and down, some of them throwing their hands in the air. Neon lights flash across the club, the clinking of glasses against each other and conversations barely audible.

He watches the duo jump and spin around as he stands awkwardly, not knowing where to put his hands at. Sapnap grabs his hand and raises it up.

“Fuck college! Yeah!” Sapnap yells at the top of his lungs, and Bad howls in laughter as if that’s the funniest joke he has ever heard. George feels his heart drop a little at the mention of their real age, but he covers it up with a laugh. However, Bad still notices, and smiles at George.

“Hey, George, nothing to worry about, alright? Just enjoy the night.”

“Yeah! I mean, we almost got caught once, but it’s fun!”

“What?” George screeches as Sapnap laughs again, as if he isn’t worried about the consequences of the entire situation. Bad merely shakes his head, and turns to George.

“I mean, we’re here already, so you might as well make the most of it. You don’t have to come here if you don’t wanna the next time,” Bad offers a sympathetic smile as Sapnap lets out a loud whoop in the background.

And Bad is right. George bites on his lip, looking around, fiddling with his hands a little.

“Does it help if you drink?” Bad asks, and George nods. He feels Bad’s hand on his wrist as he leads him away from the dancefloor and towards the bar, and he feels himself relax slightly as he distances himself from the commotion.

“What do you drink?” Bad turns to ask him, and George looks at the wide array of selection in front of him. Thankfully, the bartender isn’t that busy, so he approaches the duo.

“Hey, Bad, you want some shots?”

“I’m good, Techno. You have any suggestions for my buddy here?” Bad asks, and he sees Techno wave his hands around a little.

“If you’re a beginner, I suggest you mix vodka or something alcoholic with fruit juice. It makes the alcohol less intense. Rum and coke is a good way to start. I assume you don’t know much other than red wine, vodka, and beer?”

George feels his face burn in embarrassment as he lets out a laugh, while Bad smacks Techno on the shoulder. Techno only smirks.

“Alright, alright, I’ll save you some mercy. Rum and coke it is,” Techno turns around and starts to prepare the drink, as Bad pulls up a stool to sit down, George following suit. His fingers tap to the rhythm of the song as he lets his eyes wander in the crowd.

The rapid change in lighting makes it hard for him to identify anyone specifically, but a figure manages to catch his attention. Taller than the others, the flashing lights that landed on him for a few seconds shows off his dirty blonde hair, a smile on his face. George watches as the silhouette blends in with the darkness, causing George to lose him before spotting him again.

“Here ya go, enjoy.”

The thud of glass against the counter snaps George out of his trance and he accepts the drink as he thanks Techno. Humming, Techno leans on the counter as he starts chatting with Bad, while George zones out, his eyes still following the stranger. His fingers curl around the cup of drink, water droplets flowing down as the ice clinks together. Bringing it close to him, he vaguely makes out the smell of something sweet as the fizz from the coke slowly dies out.

George takes a cautious sip. The smell isn’t as strong as he expected, which is great, because despite starting to drink illegally (with parental supervision, of course) at the age of 15, he still has not developed a liking to alcoholic drinks.

It’s definitely not because he’s afraid of spilling his guts to the wrong person after he has accidentally surpassed his tolerance, of course not. It’s definitely not because he can be a massive flirt or because he might blurt out something embarrassing about himself, of course not.

It is definitely not because of the fact that he has spilled his sexuality in front of his friends (whom, thank god were accepting) after downing five shots in a game of beer pong. It did not traumatise him, of course not.

Definitely not.

*Ah, fuck it.*

The glass is empty before he knows it. The liquid burns a little at his throat, but he relishes in the stings as he swallows it. The drink gets rid of his worries, slowly eating away his anxiety, the alcohol making its way through his bloodstream.

He sees Techno raise an eyebrow at the speed that he’s drinking at, but he ignores it, asking for more. Bad glances at him.

“You sure you can take it?”

“Yeah. I’ve drank stronger ones before, plus this is rum and coke. How bad could it be?” George mumbles, thanking Techno once again for his service. Bad gives him a funny look, one that he cannot decipher, but he ignores it.

“Huh, is Dream looking here?” George hears Techno mumble under his breath as Bad’s head turns to look at a booth nearby. Curious, George follows both Techno’s and Bad’s gaze.

The stranger from before is now sitting near the cushioned booths, surrounded by a few of his own friends, a glass of unknown liquid in his hand. Around him, they seem to be involved in a heated argument as George watches their arms flail in all sorts of directions, but like a magnet, his eyes travel to land on the stranger.

Leaning back, his position gives away his cocky attitude, his legs spread wide and his arm along

the top of the booth. The concern for his self image is shown through his messy hair and his plain tee, but yet George senses a confident aura radiating from the stranger instead of laziness. George's eyes travel further upwards.

He makes eye contact with the stranger.

George freezes, as if he's back on the dance floor again, and he wants to hide. He shifts a little as the stranger's eyes follow him, and he feels bare, feels as if his heart is bare and naked for him to see, and that he can look into his deepest secrets, his worst fear.

The stranger's lips curl into a smirk, and George finds it in himself to break the stare first.

"What the hell?" Bad voices out, but George only looks down, the glass of rum and coke suddenly interesting. "Is he staring at you, George?"

"He's definitely staring at you," Techno concludes, and George feels his face burn as he fiddles with his fingers. His heart is beating so quickly that he swears it might overpower the bass drops of the music. He downs his drink in one go in an attempt to smother the butterflies in his stomach.

"Yeah, I don't know why. Don't ask me," George grimaces at the tingling feeling in his throat, slamming his glass down a little too harshly on the counter, earning a flinch from Bad. "Can I have another one?"

"It's not like I can't say no."

George feels the stranger's (Dream? Is that his name?) eyes still on him, burning a hole on his back, and he's so, so tempted to turn back, to cave in to the staring competition again. He doesn't admit it out loud, but he likes it when Dream is looking at him like a predator looking at a prey, full of arrogance and pride.

*God, you've met him for, what, five minutes? And you're already heads over heels for him.*

George lets out a snort of laughter, as if the thought itself is hilarious, as if his bad habit of falling for someone easily does not lead to frequent heartbreaks and crying, as if it does not leave a sore aching in its wake.

He hates it, but he embraces it, because the feeling of his heart racing and the adrenaline that rushes through him as he walks past someone he likes is enough to fuel him for the rest of the day. The thought of someone, anyone, out there who can potentially love him for who he is, who wants to listen to his horrible singing, who will stay by his side when he's overwhelmed with stress, keeps him searching, keeps him going. The way his hands tremble a little when his crushes say 'hi', or the way his insides turn into jelly as he makes eye contact with them is unhealthy for George, but he loves it.

The thrill of love is a drug to him, and he's so fucking high on it.

George blames it on the fact that his love life is basically as dry as a desert, with a few parties here and there to spice things up a little. Sure, he doesn't have his first kiss anymore, but he will never forget how he wasted it during a game of truth or dare, where he was too scared to back out of it. The furthest he's ever went with someone is holding hands, and that is only because he's their friend (and the fact that they were merely five, so it actually doesn't count).

God, he's so sad, craving for a crumb of love in such desperate measures. Pathetic, even.

He feels dizzy, and he feels like he's floating and sinking at the same time. The music sounds

distant now, the thudding of the beat muffled by the white noise in his head. Reaching out for the glass full of rum and coke, he fumbles, almost missing his grasp. His fear and anxiety dulls in comparison to the multicoloured lights and jumping crowds. The cup seems to be shaking a little (or is he the one shaking?) as he brings it closer to his lips, almost spilling the contents in the process of doing so.

Turning around, he tries to locate the stranger again, but everything seems so out of place that it takes him almost five seconds to actually register that the signpost near the toilet is, in fact, not who he's searching for. He squints his eyes at the shadows, looking for a tall and slender man, and a giggle escapes from his mouth when he finally spots him. George can't tell whether he's still in the same place, but he's glad to see him again.

He hears someone talking beside him, but the words blend together and he can't decipher the syllables from each other, so he just nods, hoping that it answers their question. A hand lands on his wrist, and he tries to turn and look at the owner, but all he can make out are blurry faces and shadows and bright lights. He rubs his eyes.

It's as if he's watching everything happening from underwater, where the sounds are jumbled together, like he's trying to listen to a conversation through a shitty soundproof wall. Everything is swirling around him, but he vaguely makes out Bad beside him and Techno's silhouette in the distance, serving another person.

His throat is burning. He loves it.

Someone is grabbing his empty glass, and he lets them, because there is no use for it now. As he stands up, he stumbles, barely catching himself as a pair of hands are on his left arm, supporting him. His head is heavy, but his heart is soaring high above the clouds, and he's gone. Reality mixes with dreams, and he's staring at the stranger again.

Weird, he seems closer than usual. He doesn't complain though, instead taking the chance to examine the stranger closely. His senses are suddenly sharp, his focus on the stranger in front of him (is he even a stranger anymore, can George even call him that?). He plops back into the stool again as his legs give up on him, and he feels helpless as the stranger approaches him.

"Hey, Techno. One vodka, please?"

As the words leave his mouth, George is immediately smitten. The way his voice dips at the end of the sentence, the raspiness accompanied with each breath, and how his accent jumps out in certain words (is he American? He must be).

"Sure."

George can't help but let his eyes linger on the features of the stranger, the way his wavy hair reaches the nape of his neck, and the sharp jawline. Tilting his head a little, George giggles, accidentally catching the stranger's attention.

"Hi."

George's breath hitches, and he's staring straight into his eyes. His heart pounds faster and harder, his hands are everywhere because he feels so lost, and his brain is a mush. He's hopeless and helpless under his gaze, but in some sort of a twisted and sick way, he likes it.

"You look pretty," is what comes out of George's mouth, and soon he feels hands on his shoulders as someone tries to pull him away (is it Bad? Sappan perhaps?), mumbling apologies for his

behaviour. The stranger merely laughs, and George swears he just heard an angel sing.

“It’s good. I’m fine,” the stranger says, a crooked smile plastered on his face. It fits him so perfectly that George is almost jealous, and something inside him wants to reach out and touch his face.

So he caves in, and his hand is on the stranger’s cheek before he knows it.

“George!” Bad shrieks, swatting his hand away. “Oh my goodness, I’m so, so sorry. I didn’t think he’d be this drunk,” Bad rambles, trying to create distance between George and the stranger, and George whines at Bad to let him go.

“Your drink’s here, Dream,” Techno says as he passes a small cup to the stranger, seemingly unfazed at the entire commotion that goes on, although the little twinkle in his eyes gives away his amusement. “Hey, Bad, you good?”

“You should be asking George that,” Bad grumbles as he tries to pry George off the counter, struggling under George’s deadweight. He almost regrets suggesting drinking to George, but experiencing a black out drunk George isn’t the worst thing he has been through. Gritting his teeth, he pulls George again. “C’mon, buddy, move. Why are you so heavy?”

“You can- oh my god- you can leave him here, it’s fine.” Through his hazy state, George hears the stranger barely wheeze the words out, clutching his sides as he doubles down in laughter. “Go and enjoy the night, I know how to deal with him.”

Bad stops tugging on George. “You sure?”

“Trust me, Bad. I know what I’m doing,” he gives a sincere smile, and oh god, George feels like he’s melting. “Besides, Techno here can guarantee I won’t do anything stupid, right?”

“No can do. I’m technically working,” Techno mutters, but his subtle smile gives his stance away. “If Dream does something weird, I’ll punt him for you.”

“Alright, I guess. If there’s anything, just call me.” Though the words left Bad’s mouth, George can still feel uncertainty behind them as hands leave his body.

“Gosh, it feels like I’m taking care of a five year old again,” Dream (it’s Dream, right? Yeah that’s his name) mumbles under his breath, and George sits straight up, his head tilted sideways to look at Dream. He catches Dream’s eyes again.

“Well, he’s your responsibility now, not mine.”

“Wow, Techno. Thanks,” Dream bites back, placing his hands on the counter as he proceeds to sit on the stool beside George’s. George looks down at Dream’s fingers, and they look so slim and long that George is tempted to hold and feel them in his grasp.

So he does.

He is examining Dream’s hand, letting his fingers trail over the outline of his bones, and the rise and fall of his knuckles. The way some of the patches on his skin is a little rough, contrasting the smoothness of his wrist. He’s inspecting Dream’s hand like how a kid is inspecting his own toy truck for the first time, and he can feel Dream’s eyes on him. Instead of letting it go, he intertwines their fingers instead as he rests his head on the counter.

Dream’s thumb glides over George’s knuckles, sending shivers down George’s spine. He lets out a

chuckle. Techno is long gone as he serves another customer, and suddenly, the bar seems to contain only him and Dream.

*What kind of person calls themselves 'Dream'?*

“Someone who’s smart,” Dream replies, and *oh, he’s hearing my thoughts?*

“No, you’re just saying them out loud, you idiot. Gosh, how much did you drink?” An amused smile finds a way onto Dream’s face. George swears he’s on another planet.

“Three- uh- three rum and coke? I think,” George mutters, hiding his face in the crook of his arm. “Can I have another drink?”

Dream shakes his head. “I’ll get you water.”

He proceeds to stand up, but George pulls him back down (where he finds the strength, George isn’t sure either), and they end up closer than ever before. They’re both staring into each other’s eyes, and George feels the heat from the tension rise and crawl up his cheeks. An eyebrow raised, Dream is still cocky as ever, in the way that he is leaning over George, and his stupid fucking smirk that causes George to malfunction.

“Hey, darling,” Dream says, his voice low. Despite the loud music, George still manages to catch Dream’s words. Stars seem to burst in George’s stomach and travel everywhere, and he can’t think straight anymore. He opts to put his head on Dream’s shoulder instead.

“Hey, hot stuff,” he whispers into Dream’s left ear, and swears that he hears Dream’s breath hitch as his body freezes for a moment. Giggling, George pulls back as one arm wraps around Dream’s waist, while his other hand travels up to run through Dream’s hair lazily.

“You’re so fucking drunk,” Dream mumbles, biting on his bottom lip. George watches as Dream’s eyes wander up and down his face, searching, exploring, and George feels self conscious, yet he can’t seem to find it in himself to stop Dream.

George doesn’t admit it, but he enjoys this, a little too much, in fact.

The edge of the counter is pressing into his back, so he nudges himself off the stool, struggling to find his balance. Dream’s hands are on his arms, supporting him, and despite the layer of clothing, he still feels the contact burning his skin as he relishes in it. He grabs onto Dream’s shirt, and pulls him (to where? George doesn’t know. He just wants Dream).

“Where are you going?” Dream asks, grabbing his glass as George shrugs. Chuckling, Dream takes over the lead, grabbing George’s wrist gently as if the sheer pressure will cause George pain. George’s heart melts at that thought.

Stumbling, George manages to walk to the booth, albeit crashing into people on the way there. After multiple apologies and encouragements, George crashes into the couch, and he feels Dream do the same as the seat beside him dips a little.

Dream’s arm is around George’s shoulder, so George takes the opportunity to put his head on Dream’s shoulder, snuggling into his side. He feels Dream shift, and a whine escapes his mouth as he clings onto Dream further. Listening to Dream’s steady heartbeat calms him down, and soon he’s on the edge of sleeping.

“No, baby, don’t fall asleep on me like that,” Dream pulls the both of them apart, and George puffs his cheeks out in annoyance, missing the warmth of Dream’s body against his. “I’m going to go to



the toilet, okay? I'll be back."

George finds himself reaching out, but he's too late as Dream stealthily avoids his grasp, standing up. Pouting, George looks up as he catches Dream looking at him in a certain way that makes his insides burn, and slumps down in disappointment as he watches Dream go further and further away from him.

He's alone. He doesn't know what to do.

He is examining the intricate patterns on the empty vodka glass when someone slumps down beside him, and he turns around, expecting a familiar face. Instead, it's a random person, and George tries to push his sadness down as he picks up the glass again.

"You single?" The stranger asks as he attempts to snake an arm around George's waist, but he squirms away, moving so that he's further away from him. "Aw, c'mon, you're cute."

The words feel icky on George as he deflects it, his gaze stuck on the glass cup as he tries to distract himself from the stranger's flirting. They feel wrong, and George doesn't want to hear more of those because it's from the wrong person.

Trying his luck again, the person puts a hand on George's wrist, but he smacks it away. George pulls his knees to his chest, curling up into a ball in an attempt to make himself smaller. However, the stranger persists, and this time, he successfully puts his arm around George's shoulder.

Fear clutches at George's heart as he freezes, his comfort level decreasing rapidly. He tries to escape his grasp by standing up, but his eyes widen as the stranger pushes him back down, clamping his hand around George's shoulder like an eagle grabbing its prey. George tries to push him away, but the alcohol has taken its toll on his strength, and he's barely able to nudge him away.

He's panicking. He doesn't know what to do.

"Please, let me go," George mumbles, his eyes darting around for someone to help, his hands shaking in fear. He feels the stranger's breath on his right ear, and he winces in disgust.

"And why would I, pretty boy?"

He feels so dirty listening to him. Trying his luck again, George stands up, but the stranger growls and shoves him back down. The helplessness in George grows as his chin is tugged on, and he is forced to look into the eyes of the stranger.

Disgust. All he can feel is disgust.

"Don't you *dare* try to leave-"

"What do you think you're doing?" A familiar voice fills the air, and the stranger is soon pushed away by Dream. Still frozen in fear, George watches as Dream's hands clenched into fists as he towers over the man who remains seated. Dream positions himself so that he is between George and the intruder, gritting his teeth in anger.

"Oh, and who the hell are you?" The intruder growls back, and George whimpers, clutching onto Dream's shirt as he pulls on it. Dream looks back at him, the anger dissipating into fondness and something else that George is unable to place his finger on (he blames it on the lights). He places an arm around George, who leans into his touch, and turns back to the intruder, his gaze cold.

“I’m his boyfriend.”

George’s heart stops, and his breath stutters. *Boyfriend?*

“Oh, yeah? Prove it.”

If his heart didn’t stop before, he’s sure he’s dead by now. He feels Dream chuckle beside him, his shoulders shaking a little. A tap on his head, and George looks up to meet Dream’s eyes. They’re soft, yet firm, but the same level of cockiness and arrogance is still there, hidden behind the twinkle of adoration.

Dream’s hand is on his cheek, and he feels the butterflies around his stomach flutter even faster as Dream’s thumb smooths over his cheekbone. The other hand brushes some of George’s hair out of his eyes, before settling itself beside George. They stare at each other, and for a moment, time comes to a stop as everything becomes silent.

“I’m sorry,” is all that leaves Dream’s lips as he closes the gap between the two.

A strong wave of bitterness is what he tastes at first, followed by a hint of sourness, making George’s head spin in giddiness. The pressure against his lips are strong, but there’s an underlying tenderness as Dream tilts his head a little to deepen it. George bites on Dream’s bottom lip, and the latter lets out a stifled groan.

If George didn’t die before, he’s sure he’s in heaven now.

Dream breaks apart first. George opens his eyes, pouting as he tries to chase Dream back, but Dream merely chuckles and shakes his head. The stranger seems to have left in between, and Dream rolls his eyes, turning his attention back to George.

“I’m sorry,” Dream says, putting a small distance between the two. “Let’s take you home. Where do you live?”

George can still taste vodka in his mouth as Dream stands up, reaching his hand out as an offer to help George up. George accepts it, and as Dream pulls him up, he lets himself fall into Dream’s embrace. Dream catches him, looking down at the shorter boy as he feels George press his face against his chest.

“George, c’mon,” Dream mumbles. “We’ve got to take you home. You live in the dorms, right?”

George closes his eyes and nods, still not letting go of Dream. The latter merely sighs, and sits back down, causing George to end up beside him. George nuzzles into Dream’s side, letting out a smile that he was trying to hide. A hand is running through his hair, and despite his usual protectiveness over his hair, he surprisingly relaxes at Dream’s touch.

He looks up to see Dream staring at him, a small grin on his face. His arms are still wrapped protectively around George, and in contrast to the intruder’s touch, he savours every single contact that he and Dream share. His eyes linger down, landing on Dream’s lips, and *god, I want to kiss him.*

“Can I kiss you?”

It is barely a whisper, as George hides his face behind his arm in embarrassment, but somehow, Dream has caught his message. Tilting his chin up gently, they look into each other’s eyes again.

“You’re drunk, George,” Dream says, but he still gives him a peck on his cheek. Satisfied, George

leans back down again and listens to Dream's heartbeat. It's a little erratic, but who's to say George's isn't too?

He closes his eyes, and soon Dream's smooth breathing and soft heartbeat lulls him to sleep.

\*

*Oh fuck, my head.*

George winces as he wakes up, his head throbbing. Not even attempting to sit up, he slowly opens his eyes, grateful that his room is enclosed in mostly darkness as the curtains let a few beams of sunlight slip from their grasp. The soft whirring from his ceiling fan is the only source of noise, and even George mentally complains at how loud that is as he cradles his head.

He turns around, reaching out for his bottle of water, but in its place is a tall glass instead. Frowning, he sits up slowly, wincing at every sharp pain caused by his head, karma for not controlling himself last night.

Last night... God, what even happened last night?

George grabs the glass of water, and a piece of paper flutters underneath it, the pressure from pressing it down lost. He barely manages to catch it as it floats around, and with clumsy fingers, hold it taut to read the writings on it.

*I got some aspirin for you, it should help with the headache. I called Bad, but you should just in case he thought I murdered you*

*Also, you shouldn't be kissing strangers in public clubs, darling ;)*

*-Dream*

Then, a line of numbers underneath the message to end it off.

Memories from last night flash through his head, and he lies back down, the medication forgotten. He hides his face in his hands as a wide grin stretches across his face. Despite his drunken state, he still remembers some highlights from last night.

His phone is beside the white pills, so he reaches for the pills first, throwing them into his mouth before washing it down with water. Then, he picks up his phone, and covers his eyes as the bright screen throws yet another imaginary knife at his head.

It takes a few tries, but he manages to save Dream's number. Switching to messages, he types out a message, although his fingers are barely cooperating.

*George404: well, if kissing strangers meant that id meet you, i dont regret doing it*

He presses 'send', and throws his phone beside him. He covers his eyes with his forearm, and laughs.

Somehow, amidst the unmistakable flutter in his heart, the faint taste of vodka finds its way back into George's mouth. He licks his lips.

He wouldn't mind tasting it if it meant kissing a certain stranger again.

so.. what do you guys think?

i hope you enjoyed reading this! <3

my twitter: ISLE0FDREAM

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